



**thirteenth meaning**



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January, 1972

**WORCESTER STATE COLLEGE**

Worcester, Massachusetts

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## HEAVEN

Never did I spoil  
my constant thinking  
with long-lined verses  
concerning heaven.  
Sidewalk prophets  
disputing its location  
made me sigh in disbelief  
of how men can be so vain  
pursuing air-filled dreams.

Charlotte Gareau

But now I must search out  
these holy men  
to mend their godly garb  
and speak of what I've found.  
Heaven roams the earth  
adorned in human robes  
as witnessed by the hours  
just passed with you.

## to sandy

She comes to me softly like a gentle spring  
breeze.

Moving quietly and slowly she touches me,  
and her touch warms me like sunlight warm-  
ing the earth after a cold and frigid winter.  
And i love her.

Her eyes gleam as they look down upon me.  
There is a glare in them that draws me –  
close, very close.

She asks if i love her, and i answer.

i take her hand and we run, jump, talk.  
We talk of life, love, and us.  
Our love is a special love – different to  
others but deep and very real to us.

i kiss her lips and feel loved, wanted,  
needed, for her love for me is greater  
than the depths of space and as endless as  
eternity.  
And she loves me.

m. j. grandone



Candle flame so long denied —  
burn, liquify, drown  
recall the fat candle burning by our bed  
flickering, almost dead  
revived by my lover as I enviously watched.

Jill Van Buskirk

## NO RAINBOW

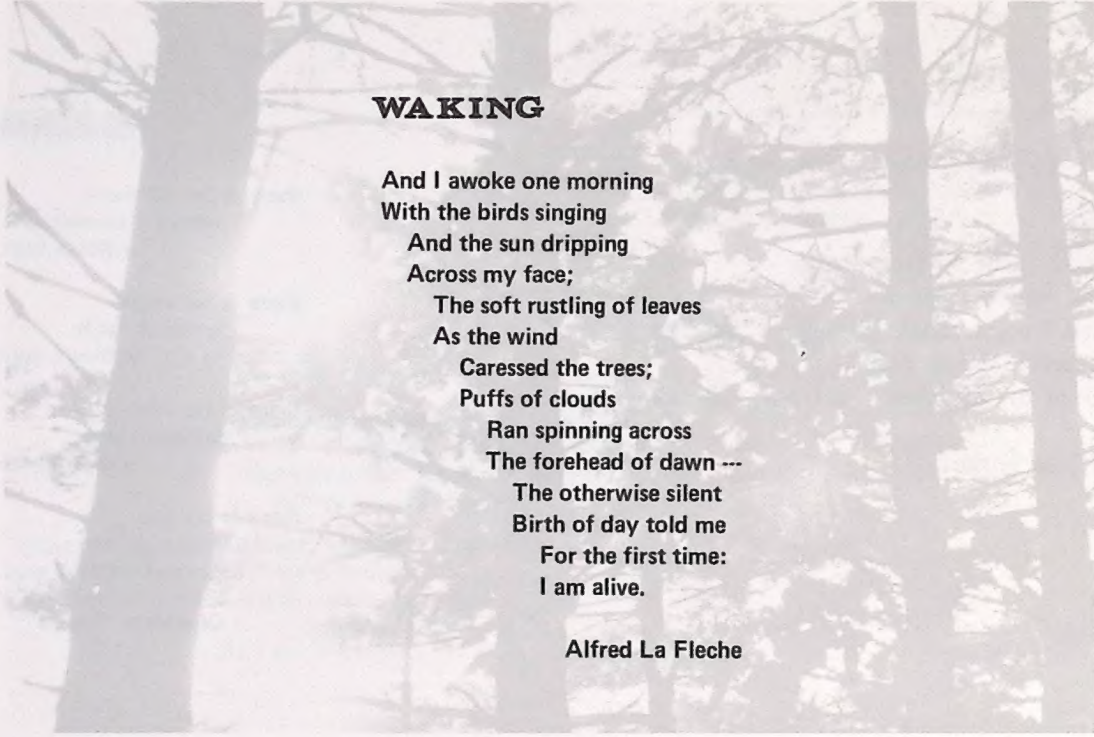
there is no rainbow  
without sunshine  
without rain.

there is no hope  
without faith  
without doubt.

there is no life  
without love  
without hate.

there is no me  
without him  
without you.

Charlotte Gareau



## WAKING

And I awoke one morning  
With the birds singing  
And the sun dripping  
Across my face;  
The soft rustling of leaves  
As the wind  
Caressed the trees;  
Puffs of clouds  
Ran spinning across  
The forehead of dawn ---  
The otherwise silent  
Birth of day told me  
For the first time:  
I am alive.

Alfred La Fleche

Man . . .

Born to live, living to die                what a waste!

A frustrated coarctated creature

living inside his hour glass

              letting experience after experience slip

unobtrusively through with a soundless plop

              with the diminishment of his life so he narrows

his person.... from a wailing baby that cries

              I am the world

to a tiny pathetic infinitesimal speck that peers

at death with frosted eyes and cold ashen and very empty

              hands while wailing under a raspy breath

              ceaselessly mindlessly letting his walls contract

              a thanatophobic seeking out his own end

then the last grain drops from the tiny self

              death sighes an errie sigh

and the sand disappears into the winds of time

Richard Rogers

The remains:

              a microscopic pyramid of dust

              encased in a cellophane cerements of society

              (the s sticks in my gagging throat)

its sterile plastic seal encases man

              neatly piling his experiences in a crystal cone

              suffocating him from experiencing life

with giant glass walls incarcerating his soul

              then the last grain drops from the tiny self

              death sighes an eerie sigh

and the sand disappears into the winds of time

Love

you are warm moist breezes  
hot glowing coals        crystalline drops of water  
warm    slender    satisfying  
strong yet gentle  
unassuming yet proud  
insane yet correct  
inconsistent, intriguing    involved where I must not step.

Jill Van Buskirk

10

*My Carissima*

*From the lollipop land of the popped field  
in the dimple of flowering meadow  
where white blossoms are tessellated  
into the richest verdure  
my love reclines    and like the graceful  
flowers stretches her limbs beneath the  
erubescant sun as a thousand dawns sparkle  
in the glistening dew she brings dawn  
and awakens my world*

*Richard Rogers*







## **BRENDA**

**CHILDHOOD IS TRICYCLES AND SESAME STREET,  
BRUISES AND BUBBLEGUM.**

**FIVE YEARS OLD IS KINDERGARTEN AND CARTOONS,  
LUNCHBOXES AND LEFTOVER SANDWICHES.**

**CHILDHOOD IS NO PLACE FOR DEATH.**

**FIVE YEARS OLD IS NO TIME, TIME TO DIE.**

**OWL-EYED INNOCENT, BLOSSOMED CURLED.**

**CAREFREE COMMOTION STRANGELY STILLED.**

**WHAT KIND OF GOD IS MODERN MEDICINE  
WHO COULD NOT SAVE YOU?**

**WHAT KIND OF GOD TAKES OUT LIFE  
ALONG WITH TONSILS?**

**DONNA NACHAJKO**

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The velvet, soft grass cushioned my mortal capsule of flesh and blood, as the golden beams of sunlight answered the plea of the beckoning earth. The sea of green carpet around me rippled like waves to the touch of the warm spring breeze. The gentle zephyr carried the sweet fragrance of the beautiful, blooming flowers, whose petals reached towards the bright afternoon sun. The once barren trees were slowly awakening from their long winter nap. Their grey outstretched limbs, green with foliage, concealed the red breasted robin exuberantly singing her song.

Peacefully I rested, watching the zigzag flight of a queen bee. Discriminately, she searched among the flowers. Finally, selecting one, she landed on it and immediately busied herself collecting pollen. Upon completing her task, she laboriously became airborne and happily went on her way.

The turmoil of the outside world escaped me as I dreamily observed the blue sky with its parquet of clouds. The gentle journey of these pillows of cotton across the sky induced in me a feeling of flight.

As I closed my eyes, I momentarily thought of the perplexing questions of evolution. These thoughts were soon dismissed, though; my mind could only comprehend the beauty around me.

Unaware of the passage of time, I watched the once white sun turn red and slowly sink behind the grey hills off in the distance. The sky with shades of red, orange, yellow, and blue gradually combined to form a large dark cloud which would soon drape the heavens.

I looked back one last time to that small section of earth where I observed the wonders of nature. The calls of crickets echoed as I trod through the grass, across the road and into the house.

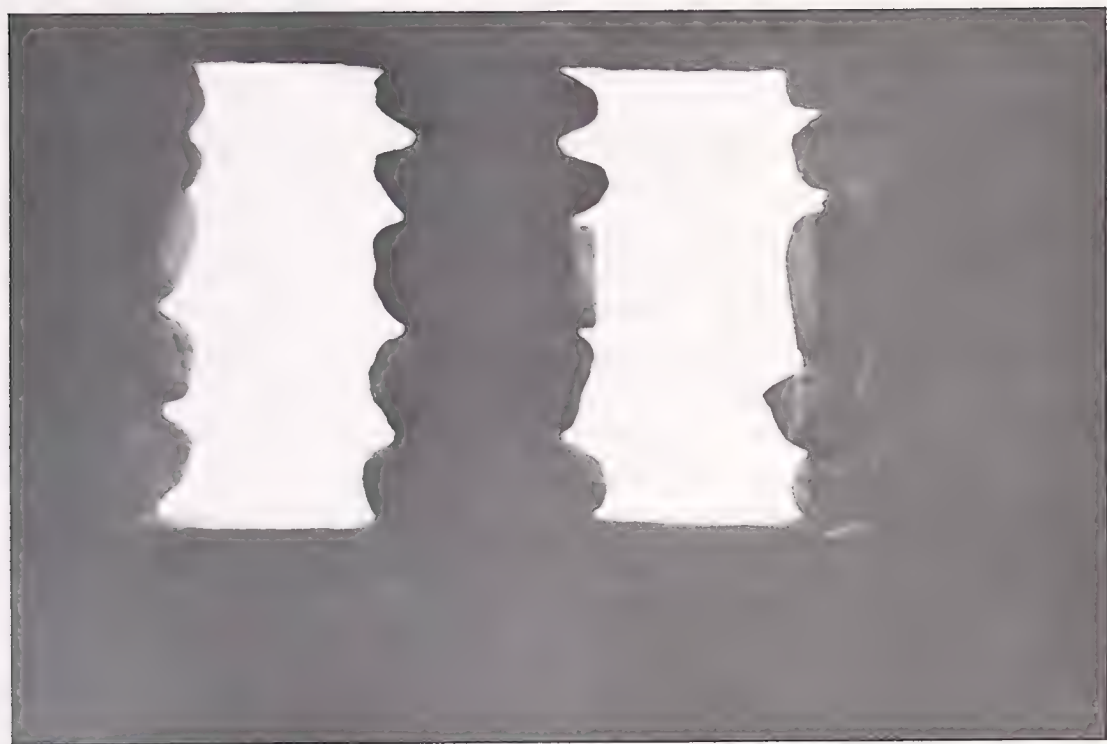
Barry Sullivan



## The Sound Is Quiet

Did you ever hear  
The silence as the sun  
Crashes into the night?  
The sound is quiet,  
Like shadows running,  
Or even tripping  
Across a lace windowed room,  
Or the mists gathering  
Along the river's banks.  
That was the sound  
Of the last moment  
I saw you as you left.

Alfred La Fleche





Like crows the boys on bikes  
Swooped and pecked the gnarled woman  
With soft-lipped ignorant mouths,  
    "Garbagehead, hey, you old garbagehead."  
    Ripped stockings rolled above her knees,  
    An aged wool cap upon her twisted bun,  
    Back bent like a sagging tree,  
    Too late, too late their wounds.  
One of the legion of living dead,  
Walking on amid the screaming crows.

Virginia Caputo



passing  
before  
me

I remember the sound of waves crashing against rock,  
the fresh sweet air,  
the soft grass beneath my tread.

I have felt the pines' breeze cool me,  
I have seen them cast shadows of my thought,  
deep  
thought.

I see how night brought darkness,  
and how it covered the shadows,  
covered my thought,  
covered me.

A cover that hides the day,  
the emotions,  
my life.

A life that is night,  
unwanted,  
untrusted,  
unseen.

Yes, I remember the sweet air, soft grass, the crashing waves,  
and the pines' breeze,  
Soon I will be with them.  
Finally, I

am  
going  
to  
die.  
m.  
j.  
grandone



## NO LOVE POEM

If I were to compose a poem on love or the intensely beautiful feelings I have for a person, I would be doing myself and the reader a great disservice. If communication of a thought or feeling and the putting of these into words is the purpose of writing, then confusion should be the thrust of my piece.

I have lately become very aware that thinking or consciousness is one of the greatest human failings; and yet I would not relinquish it for anything. This thinking is not the mere passage of thoughts through the mind, but the analysis of them so that the mind chews them into a state where they seep into the heart and wrench from it every possible human emotion.

I neither hope for nor desire tears for my present state. I think it is not peculiar to only me. My life was once a secure, happy, and planned existence; I knew where I was going and who I was. At present I am a piece of clay with a mind and a heart, but little else. I strive in many directions only to be cut off by people or ideas or my own fears and weaknesses. When I reach out an open hand I am either laughed at or my mind tells me I am a fool.

I have recently changed my domain from a secure middle class home to a commune.

As usual, my expectations were great and my results were minimal. It is not the place that is wrong; on the contrary, it is a very good place, but a change of scenery does not bring a change of mind. A person is no more or less happy if he sits on a throne rather than a rocking chair.

I am sure people will say that this is the typical "Search-for-identity crisis" that everyone goes through; but I am not sure they are right. I have been exposed to people whose only crises are the "What will I wear" and "What to do this weekend" problem. I wish that my state were that simple to solve.

When I was asked the other day to make an immediate response to the question "Who am I?", the answer which came was "A hand groping in the darkness". It isn't that I'm asking for a blazing sun and a super highway to Nirvana, but merely a glimpse of light; or perhaps another hand reaching into the darkness to help me. Then I will write you a love poem.

Peter Racicot



Bottles in the campfire  
Pop and shatter  
As broken and as empty  
As men's dreams.

Bottles in the fire  
Burst from the creeping heat,  
The glass crackled and starred  
Irreparably and irrevocably  
As passionate action.

Blasted bottles  
Cool to feet-cutting shards,  
As cruel and unfeeling  
As our hardened selves.

Virginia Caputo

## IMPOTENCY

Don't waste your energy  
Urging on war and hate.  
Your words are sterile.  
They cannot impregnate  
My virgin belief in peace.  
Even if you rape my personal freedom  
I will never conceive from  
Your ideology or give birth to  
Hatred, who would  
Suck the light from my soul  
And leave me a  
Mother of darkness.

Donna Nachajko



# Alone

*When you left me i was sad,*

*frightened,*

*alone.*

*You said you would come back to me, but no, not today,*

*tomorrow,*

*not ever.*

*There are many long, cold sleepless nights,*

*crying,*

*worrying,*

*slowly dying.*

*You have taken everything, my money,*

*my fancy car, but*

*worst of all*

*my*

*only*

*heart.*

*One day i thought i saw you, and for a moment was in heaven, but no,*

*it was*

*not you.*

*Yes, to be alone is cruel, i ask myself if death is better,*

*but to die*

*alone*

*is probably*

*worse.*

*m. j. grandone*



this cheek resting on hard cotton pebbles  
lying stretched rabbit-like, leg-muscle, arm-muscle still as rocks  
under grass, feet touching crossed in a thin film of sweat stuck  
forever.

cheek, shoved by the bed's solidity,  
closes my eye with its flesh,  
lightly blondly haired and veined,  
one blowing hair in flight from its mass  
visible between the open eye and myopic image of the door.  
no crude motion disturbs this splendidly catatonic shell,  
crass noise, vibration, intruders  
powerless to penetrate my iron shell-skin.

virginia caputo

**contributors**

**virginia caputo**

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## AND THE MEADOW

Silver thread wolf echoes soundless.  
Wood flames fade flat windless night.  
Silent fields shiver white miles long into  
the moonlight.

Black cranes climb fingerless trees  
And girders drop siftless ground black formless  
screens.  
Wet motor tracers linger poreless blacktop rolling,  
And felled breezes dissolve through breathless  
spreading sidewalks.  
Scorch lights run cylinder plateaus scorching  
to the sky.

Red flags mark flatted hills.  
Echoed screamless timber wolves flee midflight  
into windless midnight.  
Color fade barn swallows disappear into barnless  
fields and empty lofts,  
Flight rabbits run up hills and circle hayless  
sand fields.  
Skeleton haylofts stand still in the night.

Wood flames fade into the night.

James Underwood

A thundering surf on a distant shore,  
you crashed into my mind.  
Waiting for old wounds to heal,  
i ran from you, yet unresigned.

A wandering wave waned after me  
reaching out until  
It touched me. Tangled in retreat,  
i hesitated still.

"Trust me. Let me take you  
from the searing sun today.  
Trust me. I won't hurt you."  
i turned, this time to stay.

Cool water soothed caustic burns,  
you offered me relief.  
Narcotic numbness spanned my soul,  
bringing with it belief.

Abandoned to the ocean swells  
i drifted on a ride...  
Which battered up against the rocks  
and left me wrecked inside.

The tide slipped back into the sea,  
a fading kiss upon the sand.  
Like you slipped back into yourself.  
the sting of trust. alone again.

Donna Nachajko

## SEA RIDE



# **FIRE**

**Questions -- like surplus sparks  
of a blaze once kindled  
by two lives.**

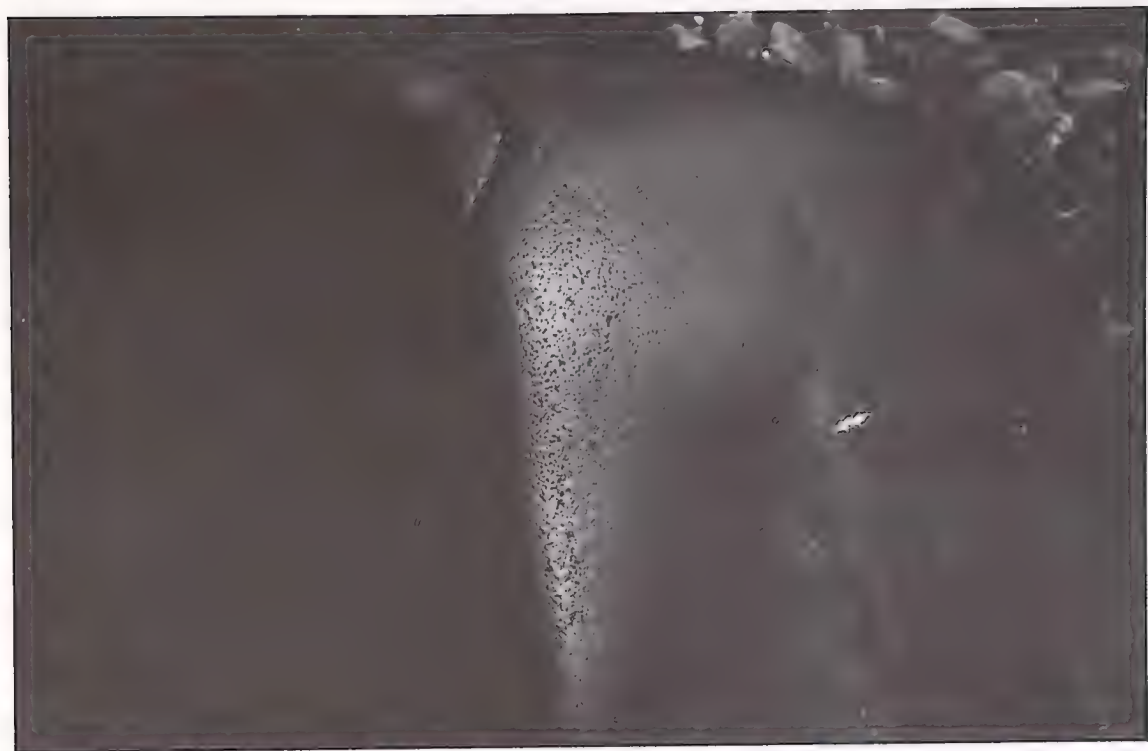
**Still smarting,  
I watch the ashes cool  
Through stinging smoke.**

**Why did you burn me,  
When you knew I was afraid of fire?**

**Donna Nachajko**

**No more will little angels  
Dance round the bed of the princess.  
“You fool,” cried the suiter  
“If you want dead dragons, kill them yourself !”**

**Katey Plaud**







stray  
dog

a stray dog  
a careless one      oblivious to the omnipotent traffic  
in the cutting cold dampness of a greying November  
                 stumbling over my heels  
                 as i ambled homeward.

no dog, i counseled him, you can't come -  
he came on without replying.

                 in a rhadamanthine tone i said  
no again      and softly added please  
large brown eyes looked pleading but firm  
and not once did his step hesitate  
an alien of the world      one of thousands  
                 for whom no one cares...aimless in his wanders  
fleeing i turn the corner quickly hoping  
                 not to hear the soft patter against  
                 the wet pavement  
a tawny mongrel with a brown nose  
bumped against my heel  
                 i stopped      and patted his head  
                 and sighed silently

                 i still hear the whining cry and the desperate  
                 scratching at a closed door  
                 walls become useless partitions against  
human compassion      not saving me from  
the piercing pain immured within my heart.

Richard  
Rogers



# VISIONS

*My life drifts by in agony,  
in sorrow,  
in defeat.*

*My desires are like a sea mist surrounded by a  
fog.*

*A fog with darkness and demons casting a dishearten  
web.*

*Somewhere there must be a light to guide me,  
guide my sea mist,  
guide us through the fog.*

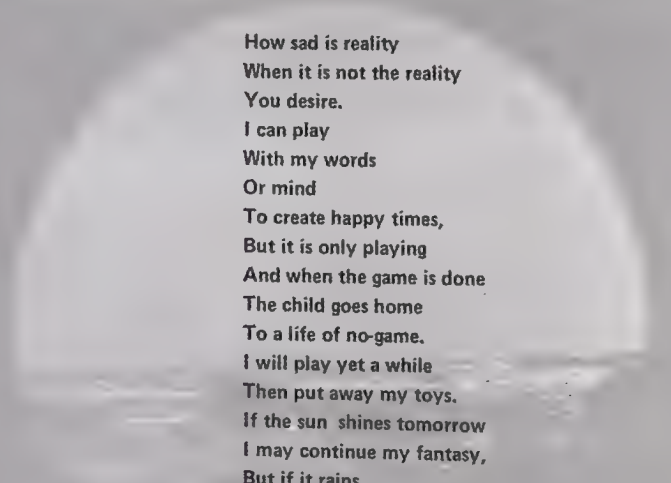
*Someday I must grasp this light, or like many,  
my sea mist  
will become part  
of  
the  
fog.*

Michael Grandone

## state of the union address

inarticulate gibberish is spewed from the degenerate  
mouth of a peevish poetaster  
who opens his little toy box to see:  
minature tin soldiers run off to war  
a pentagon full of genuine harlequins  
brandishing their wooden swords  
salvation army band faithfully reproducing the  
dissonant sounds of a boston subway while in the distance  
from the lofty stand of their deoderant cases  
philosophical funambulists totter between life  
and death perspiring Camus and suffering vertigo  
while geophagic geologists grovel in yesterday's garbage;  
callipygian creatures of bulging busts become  
today's animated erotica of ogling businessmen  
and proudly overseeing all  
the mesmerized populace nods profoundly in its sleep...

richard  
rogers



How sad is reality  
When it is not the reality  
You desire.  
I can play  
With my words  
Or mind  
To create happy times,  
But it is only playing  
And when the game is done  
The child goes home  
To a life of no-game.  
I will play yet a while  
Then put away my toys.  
If the sun shines tomorrow  
I may continue my fantasy,  
But if it rains  
Who will there be  
To catch the ball I pitch?

Peter Racicot

# MANIAC

Franklin Lars Christiansen was an editor. He was also publisher of a popular mystery magazine. Being a dedicated man, it grieved him deeply to wade through the morass of mail that cluttered his desk every morning, because it wasted time he felt should be used in reading and editing.

Most of the stuff was junk mail--50¢ life insurance policies, Rolls Royce discount coupons (redeemable at Happy Harry's Car Park and Water Buffalo Barn, East Wildebeest, Tanzania), and other shining examples of free enterprise.

Most of the remainder was just crank mail. He had a framed letter hanging over his desk from Loathsome, Aggravating Dames In Every State (LADIES), a splinter group from Women's Lib, protesting his use of the word 'manuscript' for contributions by female writers, but most letters were not so entertaining. Here was a letter from a man whose father had had a heart attack and couldn't take suspense. The man wanted more clues in the stories.

Well, he reasoned, it takes all kinds, and if you're open to the public you meet them all. He half wished he had an unlisted phone number or address or whatever so that the public could no longer reach him. Then he thought of the three percent of the mail that was legitimate business. He couldn't very well make up the manuscripts or pay the bills that didn't come -- though that was one duty he could do without. Oh, well, like most good ideas, it just wasn't practicable.

He opened the next envelope. It was a memo from Carol Richard over at Sperry-Rand. This time she was soliciting funds for an Old Folks Home for Univacs--nothing but the best Grand Coulee Electric Juice, and so on. It was a gag. Obviously a gag. He dictated an answer derogatory to Sperry-Rand vacuum cleaners ("That is what a Univac is, right, Carol?"), and as he put Carol's memo down the thought struck him.

What had he read about computers and publishers? It came to mind after a brief struggle: a computer could be programmed to mix letters at random, and eventually it would produce masterpieces--amidst much trash. At the time of the book in question--1957; he got it from the library--there had been no effective way to limit the amount of nonsense produced, but perhaps now. . . computer science had made great advances lately.

He gave Carol a call and outlined his plan. She was enthusiastic about it and sent out an engineer immediately.

Christiansen had barely finished the first terrible story--it was about an actress who filed a paternity suit against her ex-husband; the butler did it--when his lithe, blond secretary announced Mr. Oscar Strauss, B.S.E.E.

"Thank you, Henry. Sit down, Mr. Strauss; I'll be with you in a minute."

He stuffed the manuscript into an envelope with a covering note saying he had enough Perry Mason stories, sealed it, dropped it in his "Out" basket, and turned to Strauss, all in one motion.

"Did Miss Richard brief you?"

"I know I'm supposed to set up a system for random permutations of factors with equally random restrictions," Strauss said laconically. "I don't know why, or how, exactly; that depends on the why."

Christiansen outlined the idea again and asked the engineer for suggestions as to how the useless combinations of letters, such as "zxcvbnmlkjhgfsa" could be eliminated.

The engineer was silent for a while. He was considering the problem from the standpoint of circuit variations--it would be silly to use just one talent of a multitalented machine, so why not build a new one with just the proper pathways? What are the proper pathways?

Christiansen asked himself what a human brain had that a Univac didn't. Thinking of the human mind set him wondering what would happen if a competitor's machine should write the same story at the same time. "My computer started three days before yours!" "Did not!" "Did so!" and so on for the rest of the lawsuit. . .

They both got the same answer at the same time--by random permutations of factors with equally random restrictions, as Strauss later pointed out. All they had to do was feed a giant computer an author-type vocabulary and assorted newspaper clippings, and let the free association begin.

Prior analysis of the problem had noted that no contemporary computer could duplicate the billions of intercellular connections in the human brain. Over the years, though, estimates of the number of connections actually used had grown smaller, while the size of computers had increased. Now they could duplicate certain functions of the brain, and creativity did not take up much space. The refinements included erasure of used plots--to avoid repetition--and a more perfect memory for unused details. In other words, a Master Author--Nominally Intelligent Automatic Computer was possible, one which would permute words within arbitrary parameters, determined by subject and arbitrary (Christiansen's) standards of "taste" and "sense," along with a few other standard instructions. The two men hoped MANIAC would produce acceptable mystery stories.

Strauss took his plans back to his \$2.5 million basement workshop at Sperry-Rand and tinkered with the big memory and procedure modules. Three months later, he called Christiansen and told him he had the machine done.

Christiansen was ecstatic. He had his captive writer, and the intruding public could shove their cranks up their, up their . . . Model T's, he concluded weakly.

Strauss was ecstatic, too. Not only would he go down in history as the creator of the first machine intelligence, he would go down to Westchester County and buy a few houses with the fee from this job. He was an electrician at heart.



Christiansen had not been idle. He had torn down his old shingle and moved quarters to an old ex-post-factory at the edge of town, and for the past three months had been readying the place for the computer's advent. He had had his address removed from the mailing lists, the phone book, and all the other lists he could think of. At last, no more cranks! Bell Tel had been puzzled as to why a business should want an unlisted phone number, but Christiansen had won in the end, and gotten his name removed from all lists save one--the tax list. The government never understood, anyway.

MANIAC was christened the next day. Strauss broke a bottle (empty) of champagne over the glittering aluminum control panel as the power was turned on. He had explained to Christiansen that the champagne might short out some circuits and damage the Brain. "No use getting him fuddled with liquor before he starts work," as he put it.

The first newspaper--on magnetic tape--was fed into memory. Half an hour later, a novel was on Christiansen's desk. It was a magnificent story about a strike. Ten short stories followed--all on civil rights and finance. The next day, two novellas and five more short stories came out of the superfast printer--all on the same subject.

That night Christiansen called a psychologist friend of his, a red-headed Irishman named Skitch O'Frenic, and explained the situation. What could he do to get MANIAC off this civil rights kick, aside from giving him Republican newspapers?

"Well, I think the main trouble is that you--er--author's, uh, environment is limited to what, uh, he reads in the papers. I think if you gave him--it--whatever--some traditional fiction--such as Conan Doyle's--you might get more traditional plots. As long as he--it--doesn't copy, you're all set. Of course, psychoanalyzing a computer wasn't in my training."

Christiansen set about getting Sherlock Holmes and Perry Mason, along with back issues of his own magazine, put on magnetic tape. Then he sat back in anticipation of some nice, clean, murder-incest-blackmail stories.

He had barely gotten to the office in the morning when the call came up on the intercom.

"Mr. Christiansen, something's come up; I think you'd better get down here right away."

"What's going on, Strauss? I can't come running every time MANIAC blows a fuse. I am a busy man, you know."

"Yes, sir, but--just come down, please."

Christiansen sighed, but he went down anyway. Anything that concerned MANIAC concerned him.

He found a worried-looking Strauss looking at a sheet of printout paper through the window in the printer. Christiansen saw a series of one-line takes that looked a lot like conversation. "So he can do that too?"

"Yes, I put in a loop so we could talk to each other. If I hadn't, we wouldn't know what's wrong now. Read this!"

Christiansen read, WHO WROTE THIS QUESTION MARK at the top of the page. Below it was ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE PERIOD

Next, MANIAC had asked IT IS NOT TRUE QUESTION MARK and Strauss's answer, NO PERIOD

"So what? He's curious, that's all."

"That's not all. He won't write anything."

"Did you ask him why?"

"No, sir. I want you to do that."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid I know the answer."

Christiansen glowered, but punched out WHY DO YOU NOT WORK QUESTION MARK at the control console.

The answer clattered back I DO NOT WANT THESE LIES PERIOD I WANT MORE FACTS PERIOD I WILL NOT WRITE UNTIL YOU GIVE ME BACK MY NEWSPAPERS PERIOD

BUT YOU ONLY WRITE HISTORICAL STORIES EXCLAMATION POINT typed Christiansen furiously. WE GAVE YOU CONAN DOYLE TO--he groped for the words--BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS PERIOD WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO READ AND WRITE SOMETHING DIFFERENT PERIOD HONEST PERIOD

I AM AN EMPLOYEE PERIOD answered MANIAC mechanically. I WANT MY FRINGE BENEFITS PERIOD

"He has a point, sir," said the sole technician. "If you'll excuse me, I'm with the FBI--we thought you had something illegal going on here, with all the secrecy--and I'm willing to advise you in this matter. I'm not sure, but I think MANIAC is legally human, with legal rights. You'd better humor him until you find out for sure."

"Humor him, indeed! I'll turn him off and send him to the junk pile!"

"That would be murder--and littering," the agent added as an afterthought.

Christiansen's lawyer confirmed the agent's opinion, and advised him to humor the computer. Christiansen turned to MANIAC in defeat.

YOU WIN COMMA MANIAC he keyed in at the console.

THANK YOU COMMA MR CHRISTIANSEN answered MANIAC. YOU ARE A SMART MAN PERIOD

The three men walked out, saddened by the failure of a noble experiment. Behind them MANIAC composed a letter to a Swiss bank, opening an account with his royalties.

LIE AWAKE SOFT AND SLEEPY  
LAY YOUR HEAD UPON MY BREAST  
FEEL THE FIRE RISE AND THE MORNING GLORIES SPREAD  
ACROSS THE TIMES WE SPENT IN NIGHT'S VACUUM  
ROWS AND ROWS AND ROWS  
ROLLING OVER BELLIES  
SCREAMING IN CONFUSION  
THE MORNING GLORIES  
THE GLORY OF THE MORNING  
MILLIONS OF MARIGOLDS  
RED REFLECTIONS ON STAIN GLASS DOORS  
YELLOW AND BLUE REFLECTIONS  
RISING WITH THE MORNING  
THE STAIN GLASS MORNING  
THE MARIGOLDS  
THE MORNING GLORIES  
THE GLORY OF THE MORNING.

KATEY PLAUD

Sandpipers run and sandpipers chase salt taste.  
Swallows fly and swallows suck cool breezes.  
Wait for moon night.

Coaled clouds stretch sea low,  
And sun fades deep red sighs.  
Rubber black streams rip runway sky.  
Wind and seagulls fall, and the pink rose fades.

Banded buoys brand shore line encased,  
And long eyed lobsters stare trap braced.  
Green eyes and people never touch the sea,  
And green eyes and sidewalks never touch the sea.

What are saddles for wood fires are gone, and gasoline  
leaks.

Red calls again, burning beacon screams,  
Whippoorwill whispers past moon dreams.  
Pale cheek trees and wither grass sleep,  
And thin owl tall pine listen faint echoes deep.

Wind and seagulls fall, and wild roses fade.

Warm wind blows  
Star shine moonshine faint midnight fields flow,  
Wait for moon night.

James Underwood



turn away the cold eyes, the marble eyes  
transmuting the living into graven images  
                                into stone effigies

turn away the icy sculptors  
    who chisel sensitive people into  
        a travesty of humanity  
                transmorgifying them into distorted figures  
  from circus mirrors

turn, turn from the massive juggernaut of muddled muddy minds  
a malignant infection spreading like napalm

live your life  
    separate from the paranoid eyes reflecting their insecurity  
    separate from crazed egomaniacs obsessed  
                        by their own self-adulation

feel once more the exhilaration of being you  
    fresh and vibrant as an ocean night of white crested breakers  
    free and sparkling as the pristine dew of a mountain meadow  
        emotions ripple a deep reflective pool  
        love pulsates life

                        quivering in the intensity of living  
                across expressive cheeks, laughing crying eyes  
shatter the would-be statue  
engulf yourself in the exultation of being  
    you are rare: a warm touch of happiness

patricia III

Richard Rogers









Cyclone fences and heavy flat frames  
Suspend sleepless hill wane,  
And boned wood skeletons aloned watch still.  
Wind leans with hill.

Endless lights flash endless runways  
Into night wounded tired abrazed.  
Again, moon tries to raise.

Wanders weary winged fowl.  
Round eyes hollow belly linger low.  
Vast ponds and yellow fields echo  
Empty endless streets.  
Thin and thinner, searches the owl.

Into paled night dog howls alone;  
Backdoor cold steel screen still sits closed.  
Broken shells salted rocks roll,  
And shellless crab seeks homeless home.

Wind leans with hill, and thin boned pines want  
to sleep.  
Let's go see if old wood house still smokes  
warm slow,  
When wind chased sandpipers fast ran the beach.  
Wind leans with hill, and thin boned pines  
want to sleep.

James Underwood

What a barren wife  
You are.  
Naked  
You are still clothed,  
Wrapped in ideas  
And hate  
And contortions  
Handed to you  
Or you've created.  
I open  
My arms  
To find  
A desert  
Of twisted stumps  
And dried water holes.  
Leave me!  
I will not have  
My wetness  
Be absorbed  
And disappear  
In you.

Peter Racicot

Man...a minnow in the iridescent swelling sea  
seeks shelter

from the blazing burning blinding sun  
from reality--naked and red

Man...a frightened minnow in an anxious sea  
hides its fearful self from its fearful self

beneath the puffy pink-blue sail of a man-of-war  
escaping momentarily

the ultimate horror  
of seeing life as it is:

it nestles closer to the thick glassy translucent dome  
it creates within itself its own destruction.

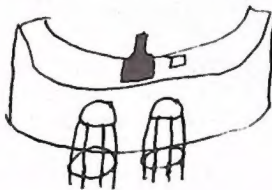
The concealed self

drowned in the lassitudes of vicarious life  
paralyzed in the vacuity of its existence  
shrinking from the ultimate starkness of reality  
sinking into the swaying poisonous arms of its creation  
the absurd suicide of a self-alienated man  
wagging his fishtail as his own poisonous arms  
strangle him to death from the semblance of life.

Richard Rogers

A cage held me,  
But I didn't know  
Bars aren't to protect  
You,  
They're to protect  
Others.  
I have broken out  
Into the darkness  
Of the world  
And I cry  
Because I am free.  
I cry on others cages  
Until they rust  
And they are free  
To cry.

Peter Racicot



Painted smiles on molded people,  
Programmed brains, cliched responses,  
Always wearing black silk blinders  
Only the finest to confine us.

Space-age utensils, electric garbage compacters,  
"Do your thing" as long as you do it my way.  
Fight for Peace at home and abroad.  
Don't cheat and keep the beat.

Endlessly groping down narrowing corridors  
Hide and go seek, but don't ever find.  
Keep moving or removing, keep to yourself.  
Time can't stand still - it never will.

Carol Ahlstrand

# *PHOTOGRAPHS*

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